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# The Bellefontaine Republican.

Official  
Paper  
Of the City.

VOLUME XLV.

BELLEFONTAINE LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1899.

NUMBER 39.

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Dealer in  
**Hard and Soft Coal,**  
201 South Main Street.

Coal delivered to any part of the city  
on short notice. Telephone 22.  
Leave your orders or call at  
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Best stock of groceries in Bellefontaine.  
Prices the lowest. Your patronage  
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What**  
YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.

**Something Nice**  
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For the Favorite Stoves and Ranges,  
Gas Stoves, Hot Air Furnaces, Tinware,  
Tin, Slate and Steel Roofing. Also  
Plumbing, Gas, Steam and Hot Water  
Fitting. We also do all kinds of Tin,  
Steel and Sheet Iron from  
**ROOFING.**  
All work guaranteed.  
207 SOUTH MAIN ST., BELLEFONTAINE  
Dec. 15, 1898.

**COLTON BROS.**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**CHOICE  
WINTER WHEAT FLOUR**  
CAPACITY OF MILL  
**450 bbls. DAILY!**  
ELEVATOR CAPACITY  
**70,000 BUSHELS.**

The superiority of our Flour has long been  
recognized. It combines good strength with  
rich color and uniform quality, and stands  
unrivaled. We are always in the market for  
milling wheat in any quantity.

## THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance, the kidney poison in the blood is able to attack the vital organs, and the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Then the richness of the blood—the albumen—leaks out and the sufferer has Bright's Disease, the worst form of kidney trouble. Kidney trouble can be detected although it be slow and deceptive. First, by analysis of the urine; second, by the simple test of setting the urine aside in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, when a cloudy or brick dust settling indicates it. It was for just such troubles that in his infinite power and goodness the Great Physician caused Swamp-Root to grow for the benefit of suffering mankind, leaving it for His servant, Dr. Kilmer, the great kidney and bladder specialist to discover it and make it known to the world. Its wonderful efficacy in promptly curing the most distressing cases is truly marvelous. You may have a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, by mail free. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention The Bellefontaine Republican. Druggists, in fifty cent or dollar sizes.

**FRANK R. GRIFFIN,**  
DENTIST.  
Special Attention Given to Operations on the  
Natural Teeth and the Care of  
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**HARRY S. KERR** **ARTHUR R. KERR**  
**KERR BROTHERS,**  
DEALERS IN  
Grain, Seeds, Wool,  
**COAL,**  
Salt, Etc.  
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR  
GRAIN, SEEDS  
—AND—  
**WOOL.**  
ALL THE BEST GRADES OF  
Soft and Hard  
**Coal,**  
"Quaker Salt,"—The Best.  
TELEPHONE 48. July 18, '98.

**CEMENT WORK**  
Plain or Ornamental.  
Far Superior to all other masonry for  
FOUNDATIONS OF EVERY KIND. I guarantee  
my work in appearance, strength and  
durability equal to best quality. Best stone,  
brick, concrete, etc., compare favorably in  
competition with stone work.  
Plans and Estimates Promptly Furnished  
and Solicited. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.  
**S. A. Buchanan, Civil Engineer,**  
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W. A. WEST, Agent.  
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farm security. Interest at seven per cent.  
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None to be at any expense except for  
or connected with abstract or title, and making  
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of the principal.  
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Implements**  
CLOVER SEED, ETC.  
Three hundred bushels of clover seed that  
must be sold. Good, clean clover seed. We  
also have a stock of Agricultural Implements  
of various kinds, including Reapers, Mowers,  
Plovers, Harrows, Drills, Wind Mills, etc.  
Call and we will give you as good rates as  
you can get elsewhere and will sell you good  
goods.

**S. G. & L. B. CHAMBERLAIN,**  
1 31 2m EAST LIBERTY, O.

## WHEN HEARTS WERE BRAVE, AND TRUE.

JOHN P. RITTER.  
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(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.  
IN WHICH A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER IS INTRODUCED.

Fully believing the fellow to be one of a party of pursuers sent to recapture him, Edward Robin was overcome by despair. If he had been alone, he would not have hesitated to take a desperate chance of escape by attempting to ride him down. But Polly's presence rendered such a course impossible. He would willingly have risked his own life, but felt that he had no right to endanger hers. So throwing the reins upon the horse's back and raising his arms above his head to show that he was unarmed he called out to the man:

"Don't shoot! I'll give up!"  
At this the stranger lowered his rifle, and advancing to the side of the chaise said gruffly:

"I've kept me waiting a long time for this chaise, Joe Westbrook, but I've got you at last."  
Robin looked down at him bewilderedly.

"Come!" continued the speaker in peremptory tones. "Out with ye! I've had my eye on that chestnut nag of yer'n for a long time, and now I mean to take it."  
Realizing that it would be useless to parley, Robin leaped out upon the ground and then assisted his companion to alight.

"I'm pretty hard on me, my friend," he said bitterly. "to be dragged back to the Goshen jail after getting so far away from it. However, if you treat this poor girl kindly, I'll not complain."

The man turned toward him in astonishment. "Why, blast my eyes!" he exclaimed. "Ye're not Joe Westbrook after all."

"I never claimed to be," answered the young man.  
"Then who be ye?"  
"A poor fellow whom you would assist, if you had a heart," Polly interposed warmly.

The man turned to her with an amused chuckle.  
"And what may pretty Polly Westbrook be adding up here in the mountains along with a stranger and her father's nag?" he asked gayly.

The girl made no answer.  
"Oh, I reckon I understand yer case, my gal," he continued. "Ye're running away with this lad to get married. Why it's quite romantic, I declare!"

While speaking he looked from one to the other with an amused, patronizing air, and then went on:

"Well, Claudius Smith is not the kind of man to part true lovers, especially when their coming is objectionable to a mortal enemy."

Claudius Smith!

On hearing this name pronounced the lovers exchanged terrified glances, for it was that of a notorious bandit chief, who, opposing the British cause at the outbreak of the Revolution, had devastated the entire Shawangunk region with his band of robbers ever since. Realizing that the surest way of engaging the sympathies of such a man was to acknowledge himself an outlaw, Robin no longer hesitated to reveal the truth.

"If you are indeed the renowned leader, Claudius Smith," he said, "I am sure you will befriend me. My name is Edward Robin, and I have just escaped from the Goshen jail, where I have been confined for many long months on a false accusation. With the assistance of this honest girl," he continued, with a wave of the hand toward Polly, "I succeeded in making my escape tonight. We are on our way to get married. I, Smith, and I trust you will not detain us longer."

During this little speech the face of the Tory chieftain expressed amazement, admiration and satisfaction by turns, and when Robin had finished he grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Ye're a last after my own heart," he exclaimed warmly. "A youngster who has the pluck not only to break jail, but to make off with the jailer's darter commands my respect. I'll not only help ye to marry yer sweetheart, my lad, but I'll protect ye from the law as well."

Robin thanked him fervently, and was on the point of assisting Polly into the chaise again when the Tory interposed.

"Not so fast, my lad," he said, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Ye must remember that ye're now an outlaw and not safe away from my protection. If I let ye drive off now, ye'll certainly be captured, for Joe Westbrook will raise the country round to bring back his runaway darter. So ye'd better join my hand, lad, and live secure in the mountains."

Robin hesitated. He fully realized the truth of the outlaw's words and appreciated the dangers that threatened him. As an escaped prisoner he knew that he must henceforth lead the life of a fugitive notwithstanding that he was innocent of crime. As circumstances had made him an outlaw why not accept his fate? On the other hand, consideration for Polly urged him to pursue a different course. So after a brief period of reflection he replied to the girl, saying:

"I thank you for your offer, Mr. Smith, but I am bound in honor to marry this girl; therefore I must refuse it and trust to my own resources."

Without paying the slightest regard to her refusal the Tory turned to the girl, saying:

"If ye refuse this young spark, Polly Westbrook, ye'll urge him to do as I say. Remain here with me, and I'll see that ye're married by a person. Then ye can live here without fear of having yer husband run down by the constables and landed back in jail. I've more than one cozy retreat in these mountains where ye can set up housekeeping and live most romantically together. What say ye?"

For his lover's safety influenced Polly to accept his advice.

"I think we had better remain here, Edward, and accept Mr. Smith's kind offer," she said. "I know my father well, and we could hardly hope to escape him."

"What! You consent to become the bride of an outlaw?" he asked.

"Rather than that have you taken from me and put back in the dreadful jail," was the reply.

The truth was that the idea of living a lawless life in the mountains had appealed strongly to the imagination of the romantic girl from the first. To become the wife of a bandit seemed to her a fitting climax to her clandestine courtship and elopement, and the fact that this destiny was forced upon her was sufficient to allay all her scruples. As to Robin he argued that he had no choice in the matter. He must either become a bandit or risk capture, separation from his sweetheart and imprisonment. The law had oppressed him, and now he would bid it defiance.

"I will join your band, Captain Smith," he said after a pause. "Now conduct us to a place where we can rest without fear of interruption."

The bandit appeared to be greatly pleased at this decision, and immediately started up the trail.

"Take the nag by the bridle and follow me," he said.

The young man obeyed, and they all three began clambering up the rough ascent, the bandit leading the way. After proceeding about half a mile, they arrived at a little clearing, where the conductor bade Robin unharness the horse, as they were now about to enter the woods. When this was done, he led them into a thicket to the right and pushed ahead so rapidly that they found it exceedingly difficult to keep up with him.

At last they came to a part of the forest where the scenery was chaotic. Huge fragments of rock lay tumbled together on all sides—where they had evidently been piled by some tremendous convulsion of nature—the whole forming an impenetrable stronghold in which a dozen men might bid defiance to a thousand.

"I've a snug little retreat up yonder," said the bandit, pointing upward to the rocks. "Ye'll be as safe there as birds on a nest."

With these words he conducted them by way of a winding, dizzy ascent to a vast platform of stone, and pushing aside a screen of brambles revealed the entrance to a cavern. As it was by this time broad daylight they could see that the interior had been rendered quite comfortable. The floor was covered with the furs of wild animals; deerkins were stretched on the walls, and articles of furniture, evidently procured by the bandit from some farmhouse he had pillaged, added a homelike appearance to the place.

"Enter and make yourselves at home," he said cheerily. "While I go off to fetch ye a parson. Then I'll summon the entire band to the wedding, and we'll have a famous merry-making."

Robin led Polly into the cavern, while the bandit turned to go upon his mission. As the latter had a considerable journey to perform he pressed Joe Westbrook's horse into his service and disappeared in the direction of the trail. When the last sounds of his departure had died away in the distance, Robin turned to Polly and exclaimed in tones of consternation:

"Alas, I am undone! Undone!"  
"Undone, Edward? What do you mean?"

"That I have joined fortunes with the enemies of my country. Oh, why did I not think of that before! That he, a professed patriot, should have consented to join a band of Tory outlaws appeared to him now as the basest treason. But there was a chance yet for him to escape from the abhorrent situation, and he resolved to avail himself of it."

"Come, Polly!" he cried, taking her by the hand and starting toward the entrance of the cave. "I may save my honor yet if we make haste."

It was his intention to take advantage of the Tory's absence to make his escape across the mountains, but just as he reached the platform outside he was confronted by two armed men and brought to a sudden halt.

"Good day to you, friend!" said one. "The captain sent us here to guard your slumbers."

"It is too late to attempt escaping now, Edward," whispered Polly close to his ear.

And realizing the truth of her warning he bowed his head upon his breast and returned dejectedly into the cavern.

CHAPTER V.  
MASQUERADE AS A TORY.  
Of all the Tory leaders who ravaged and terrorized the country around New York during the Revolution Claudius Smith was the most fearless and aggressive. He was a man of powerful physique and commanding presence, of great personal bravery and keen penetration.

In reviewing his tempestuous career we find that he possessed many of the characteristics popularly attributed to Robin Hood. Acts of violence were offset by deeds of charity, hatred and ferocity by gratitude and mercy, and treachery to his foes by unswerving loyalty to his king. He robbed the rich to bestow upon the poor, and concluded his life in true bandit fashion—at a rope's end.

From Fort Lee to Newburg he devastated the region west of the Hudson like a conquering scourge, descending into the valleys with fire and sword, and before a sufficient force could be mustered to assure his capture escaping to his strongholds in the mountains to plan another raid. The topography of the country in which he resided and the times in which he lived were peculiarly favorable to his peculiar mode of warfare, while he found a ready market for his plunder among the British soldiers stationed at Stony Point and Fort Lee.

Such was the man whom Edward Robin had agreed to serve.

A month had passed since the outlaw's departure for a dominion to the northward. Yet he had not returned from his mission. His failure to keep his promise caused them the keenest anxiety, which was greatly augmented by the precautions he had taken for his safe detention during his absence, for shortly after his going a band of his outlaws arrived at the cavern under the command of his son Richard, and a close watch had been kept upon them ever since.

"Fate is against me, Polly," he would say to the girl. "It seems that I have escaped from the Goshen jail only to be imprisoned here. It is evident that I am doomed to be a captive for the remainder of my days."

To which Polly would reply:

"Don't despair, Edward. You will gain your freedom yet, and then we can get married and live happily together. In the meantime we may be able to turn our captivity to the advantage of our country. Let us pretend to sympathize with these Tories and win their confidence. Then we may be able to gain a knowledge of their designs and thwart them."

To this plan her lover readily agreed, and immediately began masquerading as a Tory. He cursed the Whigs, inveighed against the Continental congress and scattered threats of wreaking vengeance upon the patriots so liberally that he soon won the admiration of his captors. Yet although they believed in his sincerity they did not relax their vigilance, and his acting was futile so far as affording him any chance to escape was concerned.

In the meantime Richard Smith had taken a violent fancy to Polly. He persecuted her with his attentions, and on her giving him no heed he endeavored to intimidate her with threats. Toward Robin he began to exhibit a spirit of savage jealousy. The latter did not attempt to conceal his own abhorrence of the outlaw, and it seemed likely that he would in his sincerity they did not relax their vigilance, and his acting was futile so far as affording him any chance to escape was concerned.

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He asked suspiciously.

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the indifferent answer. "For I'm not at all interested in the matter."

Apparently satisfied with this reply, Captain Smith withdrew from the cavern and sought a resting place in a secluded crevice of the rocks.

"So there is to be a council of officers to decide upon the plans for this raid," mused Polly after he had gone. "Well, I make it a point to be present at the meeting and hear what the outlaws have to say. Then I will tell Edward all, and together we may be able to outwit them."

With this idea in view she quietly left the cavern and began carefully observing the camp from outside. She observed with a feeling of satisfaction that the outlaws were so busily engaged in making preparations for their excursion that they accorded her but a passing notice. Some were examining the locks of their muskets, others were preparing cartridges, while others again were grouped around a grindstone awaiting their turn to sharpen their sabers. Richard Smith was sitting apart from the rest cleaning a huge horse pistol, and knowing that he would be present at the council Polly determined not to let him out of her view.

Several hours passed by, and she was beginning to grow weary of waiting when Claudius Smith appeared among his outlaws and commanded the officers to follow him. Then he led the way to the place he had fixed upon for the council. As this was in a part of the rocks outside the camp, Polly feared that she would not be able to reach it unobserved. Watching her opportunity, however, she managed to steal away unseen and by making a wide circuit to reach the place of conference unmolested.

Fortunately for her, the Tory officers had chosen for their meeting place a kind of basin surrounded on all sides by huge boulders. This enabled her to creep within hearing and to watch them without her presence being suspected. Glancing through an opening between two boulders, she observed that Claudius Smith was talking eagerly to his officers, who were grouped around him with an expression of close attention upon their evil faces.

The cheeks of the bandit captain were flushed, and his eyes glittered cruelly, while the ferocity of his countenance was heightened by a livid scar which extended diagonally across his forehead to his chin. He was explaining the plan of his intended campaign, and this was what Polly heard him say:

"I'm out for a rich haul this time, lads, and I know just what to make it. There's no use wearing ourselves out on a wild goose chase for plunder when enough may be got by one bold stroke to enrich us all. Now, while I was in jail at Kingston a fellow prisoner told me of a rich old miser who lives near Shawangunk mountain. He said the old rascal had thousands of pounds concealed somewhere about his house, and it's my intention to seize him and make him show me the hiding place."

"But s'posin' the old miser won't tell?" asked Richard Smith, with a growl.

"I'll find means to make him blab, my son," his father answered firmly. "I reckon he'll come to terms quick enough after I've stretched his neck a bit."

This answer seemed to remove all doubts from his son's mind, for after a brief pause he inquired: "But what is this miser's name, dad? If we don't know that, we are likely to fail, after all, for there's many a rebel farmer living near Shawangunk mountain."

Polly bent forward eagerly to catch the chieftain's answer.

For a moment the miser's name seemed to have escaped his memory. Then a gleam of sudden recollection shot from his eyes, and he cried out triumphantly:

"Caleb Shurker's the varlet's name, my boy! Blast me, if I warn't near forgetting it!"

Without waiting to hear more Polly stole back to the cavern.

CHAPTER VI.  
POLLY REPORTS TO STRATEGY.  
During Polly's absence Robin had been summoned to join the outlaws in a glade where they had previously gone to prepare their horses, so that when she returned to the cave it was deserted. Knowing that he was to accompany the expedition, however, she divined the reason for his absence, and sat down on a couch of bearskins to ponder.

A hundred wild projects to outwit the bandit's purposes hurried one after another through her mind, but all were impracticable and had to be abandoned. She began to despair, and then a terrible apprehension seized upon her.

What if Claudius Smith should put his diabolical scheme in execution before she could invent a plan to thwart it?

She was aware that Caleb Shurker had been the cause of her lover's imprisonment, and that his wife had abandoned Robin for the old miser at a time when he was languishing in jail on her account. But as these wrongs were hers, she felt that she was bound to do her best to right them. While she was reflecting in this wise, the bandit strode into the cavern.

"I've come back without a parson, as ye see, my pretty birds," he said with a grim smile, "but I'll keep my promise. Ye must wait awhile, however, as I have more important affairs on hand. Then, turning to Robin, he added, 'Hold yerself in readiness to start out within a few hours. I intend to lead an excursion into the plain, and ye'll have a chance to show the stuff ye're made of.'"

"Against whom do you intend to move?" asked Robin.

"I've not decided yet," was the answer. "After I have rested I'll hold a council of my officers, and form a plan. But why do ye ask this question?"

design and join her before the appointed time! She realized that if this happened she would be completely at his mercy, and she thought made her shudder with horror.

While she was absorbed in these dreadful reflections Edward Robin returned to the cabin, and she determined to tell him what she had done. So, peeping cautiously out of the entrance to make sure that no listeners were around, she drew him aside and whispered hurriedly:

"I have taken a desperate step, Edward, and I want to tell you all about it. Please don't ask me to explain my reasons, but listen. I have arranged with one of our captors to make my escape from this place tonight. He has agreed to furnish me with a horse, and as soon as the expedition starts I will hasten to the place where it will be awaiting me, mount it, and ride down into the valley to warn the people of the coming of these bandits. I have forced out the very best of my pluck, and shall do my best to collect a sufficient force to defeat them."

"You know the horse, Polly?"  
"Yes, Edward, and I am sure you will approve of my design when you know who it is."

"Then tell me."

"It is Caleb Shurker," she responded, scrutinizing his face closely to mark the effect of her words.

Robin's brow darkened vindictively. "So it's to Caleb Shurker we're going?" he said with a grim smile. "Thank God for that, for I'll now be revenged."

At that moment a Tory thrust his head in at the cavern's entrance and called out:

"The captain sent me to fetch ye, young man. We are about to start on the raid."

The lovers exchanged tender embraces, whispered a few hurried words of farewell and parted, both oppressed with an agonizing apprehension that it might be for the last time.

[To Be Continued.]



Polly told her little hand gently upon his arm.

For the Republican.  
Sitting alone in the gloaming,  
Through my lattice one star I see,  
Is it, of life's fate, the omen,  
Of the possible yet to be?  
Far through illimitable distance,  
Its tremulous rays flash down,  
Emblem of love's existence,  
To be crowned with a golden crown.  
—For Annie Brown.

Ma Belle! it is of you I dream,  
The chrysanthemum, upon your breast,  
Their color gold, more golden seems,  
These trembling in unrest.  
Trembling beneath your fair young face,  
Tenderly, you are looking down,  
While I in fascination trace,  
Rare dreams, dreaming of Annie Brown,  
Charming Annie Brown.

The air, across the waters play,  
The silver ripples broken run,  
Weaving lake work in the spray,  
Flashing with gleams beneath the sun,  
I see such robe of snowy lace,  
Hooded over with a jeweled crown,  
Beneath it is a fair young face,  
The winsome face of Annie Brown,  
Lovely Annie Brown.

The flowers are pretty fall blooming,  
Their fragrance is of Eden's fair climate,  
The soul, in their presence coming,  
Tastes of love, its essence divine.  
In the glimmer of rose-tint that fingers  
Just after the sun has gone down,  
My soul with mystical fancies  
Weaves wreaths, flower wreaths, for Annie Brown,  
Darling Annie Brown.

**THOSE OHIO MEN.**  
Like as not some formerly of Ohio  
man will be the first delegate to come  
down the pike from Hawaii.—St. Louis  
Globe-Democrat.

Ex-Secretary Day has caused a tremendous political sensation in Ohio by declaring that he cannot be induced to accept any office of any kind.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Admiral Dewey "considers it necessary that a statesman be sent to Manila to unravel the Philippine problem. Now watch the populace of Ohio respond in a body."—Baltimore News.

One of Judge Day's critics declares that he never was a candidate for office but once in his life, and then he was defeated. This thing of failing to get office is regarded as a very serious offense out in Ohio.—Washington Post.

The New York Journal says: There is an epidemic of malarial and typhoid fever among our troops in Cuba that is resulting fatally in many instances. The Eighth United States cavalry has lost twenty men, and 103 cases of typhoid are reported among the soldiers stationed at the city of Pinar del Rio. The troops in the city of Pinar del Rio are also affected, 103 men being sick with malaria. The camps occupied by the soldiers have been kept in perfect condition, with every sanitary precaution observed, and the officers are at a loss to account for the epidemic. The approach of the summer weather, it is feared, will greatly increase the sickness, and there is much discontent among the men.

Bishop McCabe is against expansion. He sees the day when the Cubans, Filipinos, et al, will be states of this Republic, and possibly holding the balance of power when great moral issues are at stake. To let them decide it would be to reverse the wheels of civilization.

Here is an item from the Portsmouth Blade